

# The Desert TO THE TRUE AMERICAN.

No. 3536

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1799.

VOL. I

THE TRIUMPH OF

## FRATERNAL FRIENDSHIP;

A TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

In the mean time Kion and Leonidas, who were only slightly wounded, were confined in two separate towers where the King of Thrace set a strict guard over them. His eldest son had been slain by Leonidas, at the last assault. That Prince's name was Diomede; and he was the favourite son of Lyfimachus. His father had indeed such an affection for him that he could not resolve to leave him. He had even shared his royal authority with him. He was therefore more afflicted by his death than he could have been by the overthrow of his kingdom. He did not long deliberate upon the sort of vengeance which he ought to exact; but no sooner saw the murderer of Diomede in his hands, than he determined to put him to death. Those who had some influence with him, in vain reminded him of the laws of honour and of war. His resentment and ferocious cruelty of disposition prevailed over every other consideration. He ordered preparations to be made for celebrating the obsequies of Diomede with magnificence, and resolved that the blood of him by whom he had been slain should be shed on his funeral pile. But it was not known which of the two brothers had given the fatal stroke. The similitude of their arms and figure, rendered it impossible to distinguish. Lyfimachus therefore knew not whom to make his victim. After an unsuccessful endeavour to obtain some information from those who had witnessed his son's death, he enquired of the brothers themselves.

One of his captains, named Evander, was employed to make this enquiry. He first asked Leonidas, using the most delicate and artful means to draw the secret from him. He pitied and soothed him. He extolled the glorious deed he had done, and said that even the king admired his valour, although fatal to his own fondest hopes. Leonidas wishing to give his brother all the merit of the feats they had performed, replied that the praise was due solely to Kion, and he could not arrogate it to himself. Evander, now persuaded that Diomede had been slain by Kion, went next to converse with him, that he might obtain additional confirmation of what he had heard from Leonidas. But Kion's honour and fraternal affection would not allow him to claim the honours which his brother had earned.

The king, upon hearing that Evander had been disappointed in his enquiry, found himself

in great perplexity. He resolved to investigate the truth himself. He sent for the brothers; and as he was capable of the deepest dissimulation, began with expressing much kindness and respect for them. He protested, that it was not by his orders they had been put in confinement, and that he had sent for them in order to set them at liberty. From this language, he proceeded insensibly to what he was more concerned about, and addressing Kion, told him, that if aught in the world could afford him consolation for the loss of his son, it was the thought of his having fallen by the hand of so brave a man.

Kion, not discerning through the artifice, honestly avowed, that the act for which he was praised had been performed by Leonidas. Leonidas, on the other hand, denied it, as he had before done: and as each persisted in attributing it to the other, Lyfimachus began to despair of discovering by whom it had been done. What! cried he, was there so little honour in conquering Diomede, that each of you should be ashamed of it? Leonidas, to end the contention, replied, we both conquered him, Sir, and are so proud of the glory of the victory, that we must share it between us. But, this answer served only to irritate the impatience of the Thracian monarch. Well! replied he, incapable of longer dissimulation, I shall then have two victims instead of one, since you are both guilty. He accordingly ordered them back to prison; while Leonidas, now understanding his mistake, began to speak a different language. Ah! Lyfimachus, said he, we did, indeed, conquer your son together, but it was I that struck the fatal blow. No, said Kion, my brother is innocent; I was the slayer of Diomede.

The King of Thrace only renewed his former orders. But it was his pleasure that they should, for this time, be sent to the same prison, in hopes that, if left together, they might agree, upon a determination of this generous dispute. Hardly were they left alone, when the friendly contest was renewed between them. The noblest and most tender sentiments were expressed on both sides; and as they could not agree, they at last thought of another expedient. This was, that each should write a letter to Lyfimachus, begging to be put to death. Kion wrote his letter in the most persuasive language. Leonidas strove to irritate the mind of Diomede's father. But neither was successful, as he wished.

Lyfimachus was so transported with rage, when he read the letter of Leonidas, that his only thought was then to sacrifice him alone, to his revenge. But he reflected that this would be to gratify his wishes, and to grant him a recompense for his crime. He then returned to his former intention of sacrificing them both, and preparations were made for their

execution. As Ariamenes had drawn nearer the city that he might make an attempt to deliver those illustrious prisoners, the king resolved to make the whole of the enemy's army witnesses of the bloody spectacle he was about to exhibit. The scaffold was erected, for this purpose, upon the very walls of the town, and in a place where the rapidity and depth of the stream below rendered all access impossible. This vengeance, he imagined, would thus be equally sure and signal.

The two innocent victims were accordingly conducted to the place of execution. Kion and Leonidas saw, by the preparations made for their death, and from the information of those about them, that Lyfimachus, after all his threats of cruelty, meant only to have them beheaded. They knew also that Ariamenes had attacked the city in three different quarters, but had been still repulsed with a great loss. They had therefore no hopes of relief, but determined to meet death with fortitude.

They scarce turned their eyes upon the camp, as their only wish was to spend the few moments they had yet to live, in looking upon one another. Yet, Leonidas made a last effort, to save the life of his brother. Dear Kion, said he, it is yet time, disavow a crime not committed by you. Why should I die twice, as I must, if I see you die with me? Save your life; contend not against yourself, while all our troops are fighting for us. Yes, my brother, if you please, I will do yet more, answered Kion; I will even save you. Save me! replied Leonidas; can I be base enough, think you, to survive you? I should soon die of shame and sorrow. They were continuing the conversation, when the executioner interrupted them, and called them to lay their heads on the block. After they had bidden each other a tender farewell, which drew tears even from the eyes of their enemies, who witnessed the scene, Leonidas, who was first to suffer, retired back to some distance, and placed himself at the other end of the scaffold. He then said that he was ready to die, and had laid his head on the fatal block, but springing up, cried, Why should my brother and I die, without embracing each other! Unbind us, and let us once more have this pleasure. The favour was too slight to be refused them. Soon as their hands were at liberty, therefore, Leonidas ran up to his brother, embraced him, and whispered something in his ear. They then sprang together to the brink of the scaffold, which overhung the trench round the city, and taking each other by the hands, threw themselves into the stream.

All who saw this were strangely surprised; for such was the height of the walls and the rapidity of the stream, that its bare possibility had not been suspected. It was supposed that they had only chosen one punishment, instead of



another. But they found the river less cruel than Lyfimachus. They sunk at first in the water, but immediately rose up at a small distance from the place where they had fallen. Notwithstanding their danger, they were still faithful to their friendship; and each made the safety of the other his chief care. They at length gained the opposite bank, amidst a thousand arrows which were shot after them from the walls, and saw themselves again in a condition to take vengeance on their enemies.

Ariamenes was making another assault upon the city. They ran to join the assailants. Their presence struck the army of the allies with astonishment. They took them for phantoms, for shades come to exact vengeance upon those by whom they had fallen. But, the bold actions they performed soon convinced every one of their reality. Their return inspired the besiegers with such impetuous courage, that they drove the defenders from the walls, and forced their way victoriously into the city. There was a great slaughter. The soldiers, in their fury, would have set Chalcedon on fire, to express by such a bonfire, what joy they felt at the recovery of the brave brothers. The flames had begun to spread, when Kion, Leonidas, and Ariamenes eagerly stopped their progress. The king of Thrace, escaping, by a sort of miracle, from the general carnage, retired to Byzantium, and was happy to conclude a treaty with the allied cities.

### THE HUSBANDMAN.

No employment of life is more respectable, nor more beneficial than *husbandry*. It has been honoured and promoted by the writings of many learned men, in divers ages, and not a few celebrated poets have sung its praises.

It has ever been attended to by nations of wisdom, and particularly by the ancient Greeks and Romans. Many of the most dignified and virtuous characters among them esteemed it an honour to partake of the toils and pleasures of *husbandry*. It was not uncommon for the Roman generals to be called from the field to arms, and then to resume their agricultural employments.

Thus, for instance, Cincinnatus, who, more than once, was called to the office of dictator, in the 296th year of Rome, preserved the army commanded by the consul Marcus Minutius, which was besieged in their trenches by the Æqui and Volsci, and very near to a total defeat. In this extremity, Lictors were sent to Rome to beg the assistance of Cincinnatus, who was then ploughing in his fields on the other side of the Tyber. On receiving the news, he hastened to the army; subdued the foe; entered Rome in triumph; and, in about a fortnight after, again followed the plough.

Of the moderns of distinguished characters, there are not wanting examples of those who pay personal attention to *husbandry*. Among these, we are happy to find the illustrious WASHINGTON, the Cincinnatus of modern ages.

Too great encomiums cannot be bestowed on these enterprising husbandmen, who first began the cultivation of this country. It is hoped their

worthy descendants, of the present period, will be excited by a laudable ambition, to excel their predecessors in agriculture—if possible, in economy—also, sobriety and temperance; that, among other considerations, their posterity may be blest by their labors.

### ON RELIGION.

THROUGH all the vicissitudes of life from the cradle to the tomb, religion proves the never failing friend of man.

Launching on a tempestuous ocean, and buoyed up by the phantom hope, we vainly think ourselves secure, till the fanciful picture is withdrawn from our sight, and we find the need of a more solid comfort and companion. In prosperity, when every thing around us wears a pleasing aspect, and mirth and conviviality attend on our ways, conscience, that intruder on sensual delights, interposes betwixt us and ruin, and shows us the danger of weaning our minds from heaven. It is then we view the design of those comforts whereof we are possessed; and the real use, and the too frequent abuse, is exhibited to our view.

Diversify this scene with the more melancholy idea of adversity, and all the complicated woes of life. View an aged father and a declining mother, tortured by the pangs of their suffering little ones, for that sustenance, which, alas! they are unable to afford; and yet, amidst all this accumulation of misery, the beauties of religion impart animation to their dejected souls. They are consoled in the remembrance of being participants of the benignity of that providence who supported Elijah in the wilderness, and who is able to alleviate the horrors of their situation.

Nor is the superior excellence of religion more conspicuous in this, than in the common occurrences of life. A mind deprived of the idea of responsibility, is regardless of its conduct here: and, though the faithful monitor may sometimes suggest an alarm, yet they proceed in a careless indifference, till at last they sink into the abyss of ruin.

Religion may be justly called the greatest enjoyment of man. It is a never-failing source of delight to those who happily embrace its ways, as its tendency is ultimately and securely to possess felicity.

If such, then, appear the charms resulting from this divine perfection, how egregiously stupid do they appear, who, satisfied with present enjoyment, are regardless of the future!

In the hour of dissolution, when all the pleasures of the world shall be found ineffectual to quiet the pangs of remorse, religion would administer the most soothing ideas to their perturbed hearts. To look back on their past existence, is a vacuum so replete with dismay, and a time so infamously perverted, that they are petrified with horror at the awful retrospect. Anticipation of the future still heightens their melancholy; and what would they now give, could but one hour be recalled, to make peace with that Being, whom they have so long wantonly despised?

Could thought soar beyond the boundaries of mortality, and pourtray to imagination the

realms of infinity, it could not sufficiently express the matchless beauties of religion.

### FOR THE DESSERT.

'Twas in a disconsolate hour, when I stepped out for the purpose of recreation and amusement, not knowing whither I went; I entered a solitary valley, though beautifully adorned with picturesque objects: while in this musing mood, an aged rock whose mossy sides bespoke its great antiquity, drew my attention; as I advanced forward it appeared cavernous, from which an old man, whose hoary and venerable beard hung on his breast, struck me with profound admiration; sadness sat on his countenance; he accosted me with frankness, kindly invited me to his habitation, where I partook of a homely repast he had prepared, after which I desired to know why he secluded himself from society and had chosen this solitary abode, when he began the following relation. I was born of an opulent family in Spain, and my misfortune was to love: she who held my affections was a lady of great accomplishments, agreeable in her mein, majestic in her person, nor did the fair cheek of Hebe, surpass her beauty: many courtiers she had of whom I was chief, and at length so far gained her esteem that the nuptial day was fixed and when the hour arrived in which I promised myself replete sublunary bliss, a catastrophe ensued.—The guests were composed of many of her admirers, among whom was one, whom bitter remembrance awakens my fierce indignation; he it was when I was about to espouse my soul's happiness, had formed the base and cruel design to deprive me of future bliss; he seiz'd on all my soul held dear by an auxiliary force and tore her from me forever; long did I inquire, long did I pursue to reclaim my loss; but alas! never never could I find the goddess of my adoration, then I resolved to abandon society, and betook to this lonely retreat to spend my days in mournful solitude, since when I have numbered fifty years, a lengthen'd life of unthinking woe.

### SOLITUDO.

### REFLECTION.

Women owe their power more to their tears than to their beauty; they are the true feminine arms, with which they conquer men whom the sword could never subdue.



## The Dessert

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1799.

FOR THE DESSERT.

SPECTATOR.

No. I.

IN travelling through some of the states, I have derived amusement and instruction from attending particularly to the different habits contracted by public speakers. This diversity of manners arises from a general neglect of that principle of oratory, which is properly styled *Elocution*, in the education of youth.—Hence the variety of modes adopted by public speakers, which I have denominated *habits*, and hence the rarity of hearing one who may justly be called eloquent. Nor can it be otherwise, while instructions in the elements of oratory, is entirely confined to the stile of composition, to the exclusion of that *more important* principle, elocution, or the *manner* in which subjects should be delivered, to command the attention of an auditory. I think myself justified in estimating elocution as the more important principle. The numerous instances I have witnessed, when a pleasing elocution has commanded unremitted attention, to subjects destitute of all other oratorical requisites, and the more numerous instances wherein I have observed an assent nodded from various parts of the house, to important truths in elegant language, without the charms of elocution, have long since convinced me, that if the powers of oratory are to be separately employed, those which belong to *manner*, are not to be rejected. Yet these are the principles which are least studied and least practised, particularly in sacred subjects.

The study of elocution has been by some exploded as a part of the duty of the sacred desk, upon a pretence that the importance and solemnity of the truths there displayed, are sufficiently interesting to command attention, without the art of the orator. This argument is the property of indolence and inability; to them I resign it with one query. Should the painter attempt to personify religion, would they be satisfied with the figure in a disgusting attitude, and without a decent garb? Those who would, are consistent in exclaiming against

the powers of oratory, being enlisted in the service of the church. But should I direct the artist, no charm should be untouched by his pencil, which could lend assistance in commanding the admiration of the beholder. The divine image should borrow graces from her native skies, if his art could call them down.

Pulpit oratory is justly considered as the most interesting subject, which can occupy the talents of a speaker. The happiness of man is his object, and as the truths he inculcates are beloved and practised, or contemned and neglected, so shall that natural fruit of religion, the happiness of man, flourish or decline.

I was particularly led to these observations by the elocution of one of the greatest orators I have lately heard, addressing the throne of grace in a church not far from this city. The respectful dignity of his manner, the solemn gravity of his voice, tuned by nature on a pitch somewhat lower than common, yet sonorous and clear, his commanding pause, his harmonious cadence, all conspired to make his audience feel those sentiments of adoration, which from an inferior speaker they would only have heard. The attention was instantly arrested, and with a devotional awe was called from inferior objects to thoughts divine. If an invisible being had whispered

"There stands the messenger of heav'n;  
"There stands the Legate of the skies,"

his address had not made a fuller impression during the first part of the prayer, wherein the speaker raised the devotion of the hearer in solemn adoration. To this succeeded confession and humiliation, in which the same manner was pursued;—It was now pleasing but not as before *charming*; it was humility in the stile of adoration. Petition was preferred in the same accent;—it had lost the effect;—my thoughts began to wander;—I said why am I less attentive? Is the sentiments less interesting? No. Is the language less pure? No. Is not the manner the same which but just now riveted the attention? Yes. Why then be less influenced by it? Because the manner *is* the same.

The Psalm before the discourse was a general song of thankfulness and joy;—all creatures were called on to join in rejoicing, but they were invited in the solemn dignified majesty of adoration, not in the evening accent of persuasion. A psalm *well read*, has ever been more grateful to my ear, than any music to which it

could be set;—the music succeeded the reading, and I may in a future paper make some remarks upon it, at present I shall only offer a few observations on the sermon, not dictated by a spirit of illiberal criticism, but by a wish to call attention to a subject worthy of it.

The subject was interesting, the argument forcible, the language elegant. The deep toned voice of the speaker was in perfect unison with all those parts of his discourse, where solemn reverence and awful sublimity rendered majesty more majestic;—and when the terrors of the law fell in a cadence of five semi-tones, they seemed descriptive of the thunders of Mount Sinai, and I sensibly felt the hair of my head rise in evidence of the power of elocution. But when the sympathetic and alluring charms of persuasion were attempted in the same dignified grandeur of manner, their force was lost; and what was before the power of rhetoric and the elegance of oratory, now became a monotonous chant on the lower notes of the base.

When all that is solemn and majestic in elocution is pressed into the service of such a clause as I NOW PROCEED THIRDLY, with a cadence suited to the most impressive sentiment, the dignity of manner sinks in the misapplication, and loses its force when afterward suitably applied.

With such natural and acquired powers for the solemn and majestic in oratory, how influential might a preacher be in alluring the wanderer to the paths of morality, if early instruction and long practice in the powers of elocution had taught him all that charming variety of manner, which adorns variety of sentiment, and dresses religion in her best attire.

## Hall of Hymen.

MARRIED, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Dr. White, ROSS CUTHBERT, Esq. of the province of Lower Canada, to Miss EMILY RUSH, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Rush, of this City.

—, On Tuesday the 26th ult. by the Rev. Thomas Ustick, Capt. URNUL OLIPHANT, to Miss MARY MURDOCK.

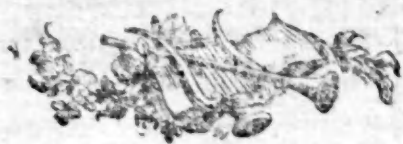
## Repository of Death.

DIED, On Sunday last, in the 62d year of his age, Mr. OWEN BIDDLE, an old and respected inhabitant of this city.

—, Thursday morning, Mr. MORDECAI LEWIS, Merchant, of this city.

real distress, will  
An argument fairly  
allowed its full weight  
ray or multitude,





#### FOR THE DESSERT.

Some say that women's hearts are tender,  
 'Tis a mistake I doubt; I've found 'em tough,  
 They'll bend indeed; but he must strain hard  
 Who cracks them. SHAKESPEARE.

#### TO THE HEART HUNTERS.

'Tis ten to one your advertising lady,  
 Is passed almost a century her hey-day;  
 Her former vernal smiles and dimples yield,  
 To solemn age the long contested field,  
 That if (for I've my doubts) she had a heart,  
 It can no youthful energy impart:  
 But is in *very deed* congeal'd and frozen,  
 Such *may be bought like hobnails by the dozen*.  
 Then rest perturbed spirits, rest I say,  
 Nor waste your time about such ancient clay;  
 The good old lady sirs, has read enough,  
 Ay, more; half robb'd of raptures and snuff.  
 Dream not my dapper beaus of flames & darts  
 Of broken, *runaway* and *broken* hearts!  
 'Tis stuff and *vide* Shakespeare, for the proof,  
 Then for your own sweet sakes, pray keep  
 aloof.

N.

#### FOR THE DESSERT.

#### TO DON QUIXOTE.

HAIL! mighty champion of the female heart,  
 Puissant Quixotte, raised by magic art,  
 The valiant feats La Mancha's knight achieved,  
 Thy modern prowess has again retrieved.  
 Again we see th' aspiring madman's flight  
 Revived in stranger form, a *herring's* plight.  
 Thy novel genius in this fish displayed,  
 Pledric fires which nature ne'er pourtrayed;  
 Such *pious feelings* dwelt in Quixotte's brain,  
 When he attacked the solemn funeral train;  
 And thou must have an equal share at least,  
 Tho' forced to borrow from some fish or beast.  
 For pious zeal as much becomes a knight  
 As valour when he's challenged out to fight.  
 Already does your feeling heart unfold  
 A strong resemblance to that fool of old;  
 Like him your first adventures you began,  
 Protecting females from unfeeling man:  
 With noble ardour, in their cause you dare  
 Proclaim yourself the champion of the fair:

Call him unfeeling who the heart desecries,  
 Of woman, like to fish's varying dyes.  
 Of sensibility's soft power declare,  
 His mind possesses not the smallest share;  
 Denounce your vengeance on the cruel man,  
 Whom Evelina's heart could not trepan;  
 And if in short he yields not to the fair,  
 To single combat then this wretch you'll dare.  
 By feats like these, your valour will outshine  
 The historic acts of chivalry divine;  
 And broken hearted females find relief,  
 By calling on their errant knight and chief.  
 Go on and prosper, most puissant Don,  
 Thousands of hearts you'll soon unite in one.

THEOPHILUS.

#### ODE TO INNOCENCE.

(BY PETER PINDAR.)

DEAR Innocence, where'er thou deignest  
 to dwell,  
 The Pleasures sport around thy simple cell;  
 The song of Nature melts from grove to  
 grove:  
 Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;  
 Content and ruddy Health thy hamlet  
 hail,  
 And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.  
 But where—but where is scowling Guilt's  
 abode?  
 The spectred heath, and Danger's cavern'd  
 road;  
 The shuffling monster treads with pant-  
 ing breath—  
 The cloud wrapp'd storm insulting roars  
 around,  
 Fear pales him at the thunder's awful sound.  
 He stares with horror on the flash of death,  
 He calls on darkness with affright,  
 And bids her pour her deepest night;  
 Her clouds impenetrable bring,  
 And hide him with her raven wing!  
 Are these the pictures? Then I need not  
 muse,  
 Nor gape, nor ponder which to choose—  
 O Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave—  
 What but the greatest *fool* would be a *knave*?

#### ANECDOTE OF SIR GEORGE BROOKE.

SIR George Brooke, before he was made  
 admiral had served as a captain of marines upon  
 their first establishment; and being quartered  
 upon the coast of Essex, the ague made great  
 havoc among his men; the minister of the vil-

lage where he lay was so harrassed with his duty  
 that he refused to bury any more of them, with-  
 out being paid his accustomed fees. The cap-  
 tain made no words; but the next that died, he  
 ordered him to be conveyed to the minister's  
 house, and laid upon the table in his great hall;  
 this greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman:  
 who in the fullness of his heart, sent the captain  
 word, "that if he would cause the dead to be  
 taken away, he would never more dispute it with  
 him; but would readily bury him and his whole  
 company for nothing."

#### THE VALUABLE SERMONS.

A few years ago, two gentlemen who had  
 been left executors to the will of a friend, on  
 examining into the property left by the testator,  
 found they could not discharge the legacies by  
 some hundreds of pounds: astonished at this  
 circumstance, as the deceased had frequently in-  
 formed them he should have more than suffi-  
 cient for that purpose, they made the most dili-  
 gent search among his papers, &c. and found  
 a scrap of paper on which was written, "seven  
 hundred pounds in Till." This they took in  
 the literal sense of it; but as their friend had  
 never been in trade, they imagined it singular  
 he should keep such a sum of money in a TILL;  
 however they examined all his apartments care-  
 fully, but in vain; and after repeated attempts  
 to discover it, gave over the search. They sold  
 his library of books to an eminent bookseller  
 near the Mews, and paid the legacies in propor-  
 tion. The singularity of the circumstance oc-  
 casioned them frequently to converse about it,  
 and they recollected among the books sold  
 (which had taken place upwards of seven weeks  
 before) there was a folio edition of TILLOTSON'S  
 SERMONS. The probability of this being what  
 was alluded to by the word TILL, on the piece  
 of paper, made one of them immediately wait  
 on Mr. —, who had purchased the books;  
 and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson,  
 which had been among the books sold to him:  
 on his reply in the affirmative, and the volumes  
 being handed down, the gentleman immediately  
 purchased them, and on carefully examining  
 the leaves, found bank notes singly dispersed in  
 various places in the volumes, to the amount of  
*seven hundred pound!* But what perhaps is no  
 less remarkable than the preceding, the book-  
 seller informed him that a gentleman at Cam-  
 bridge, reading in his catalogue of this edition  
 to be sold, had written to him, and desired it  
 might be sent to Cambridge, which was accord-  
 ingly done; but the books not answering the  
 gentleman's expectations, had been returned,  
 and had been in the bookseller's shop till the  
 period of this very singular discovery.

TERMS OF THE DESSERT TO THE TRUE AMERICAN  
 Two DOLLARS per annum, one half payable in advance.  
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